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THE CHURCH RECORD.

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Historical.

From the Fulham MSS.

A short memorial of the present state of the Church and clergy in His Majesty's province of South Carolina, in America, by William Tredwell Bull.

The province of South Carolina, is divided into thirteen parishes.

In Berkeley county there are eight, viz:

1. St. Philip's Charles city, the only town of note and port of trade in the said province, which parish extends throughout the said city and a neck or point of land between the two navigable rivers of Ashley and Cooper, about six miles in length, and two in breadth, and may contain between 300 and 400 Christian families. In the said city, there is a new erected church, not yet entirely finished, a large, regular, and beautiful building, exceeding any that are in his Majesty's dominions in America. The present minister of the said church, is the Rev. Mr. Alexander Garden, (who hath enjoyed that living somewhat more than three years) a learned and pious divine, but of a sickly and weakly constitution. The stated salary of the said church is 150*l.* proclamation money; i. e., 120*l.* sterling, paid out of the public treasury of the province, besides the perquisites, which, in that parish, are considerable. There is likewise, in the said city, a grammar school, now setting up, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Morrit, very lately arrived a missionary from the honorable society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, with the annual allowance from the said society, of 30*l.* sterling. The salary allowed out of the public treasury to the said schoolmaster, is 100*l.* per annum, proclamation money; i. e., 80*l.* sterling, besides the benefit of scholars, which is settled by law at 3*l.* per annum, a scholar, in the said proclamation money, or the value thereof in the currency of Carolina. There are also in this city, a small congregation of French Refugees, who retain the liturgy and discipline of the reformed churches of France. One of Presbyterians, another of Anabaptists, and a few Quakers, who have each a meeting house; but at present, neither of them have a settled minister or teacher.

2. St. James, at Goose Creek; a rich and populous parish. The church, which is about 16 miles from Charles city, is a neat and regular, but not a large brick building. To this church is lately gone over, a missionary from the honorable society for the propagation of the gospel in Foreign parts, the Rev. Mr. Ludlam, who was not arrived there the latter end of May last. The stated salary allowed out of the public treasury of the province, to this and each of the other country parishes, is 100*l.* per annum, of the said proclamation money, or the value thereof in the currency of Carolina. There is also a very handsome parsonage house of brick, and a glebe of about 100 acres of land.

3. St. Andrews, the Church 12 miles from Charles City, the minister, the Rev. Mr. Guy, a worthy divine and well esteemed of in the parish, one of the Honorable Society's missionaries, and hath been so 11 years. There is a decent parsonage house, and a glebe of 25 acres of land. The inhabitants are now enlarging and beautifying the parish church, which is built of brick, having for that end obtained out of the public treasury 400*l.* and by subscriptions among themselves, 500*l.* of the currency of Carolina.

4. St. George; the church is 28 miles from Charles city, a large and populous parish, wherein is an handsome brick Church, a parsonage built timber and a glebe of 250 acres of land. To this church is now going over the Rev. Mr. Varnod, missionary from the Honorable the Society, &c.

5. St John's; a large, populous and rich parish, in which is a decent brick church, 25 miles from Charles City, lately adorned and beautified at the charge of the parishoners, a very convenient brick parsonage house, pleasantly situated upon a glebe of 300 acres of land. The Rev. Mr. Brian Hunt, minister and missionary from the honorable society, arrived here about March or April last, and was kindly received by the people.

6. St. Thomas's; a large and populous parish, in which are two churches and two glebes, but no parsonage house as yet built. The Rev. Mr. Hasell who hath been minister of the parish and missionary from the Honorable Society 14 year's and well esteemed by his people, residing upon an estate and in an house of his own, whilst the money appropriated from the public for the building of an house is daily increasing, being put out upon good security, at the legal interest of the country.

7. St. Denis; a congregation of French refugees, conforming to the church of England, and within the bounds of St. Thomas parish, and made a distinct parish, for a time, till the present inhabitants or their children, attain the English tongue. The minister, the Rev. Jno. La Pierre, who hath enjoyed the living about 12 years, receiving an equal salary from the treasury with the other country parishes, but is no missionary.

8. Christ Church; a large parish, but poor; there is a timber church, 13 miles from Charles city, a parsonage house, a glebe of 100 acres of land. The present minister, the Rev. Mr. Pownal, one of the Society's missionaries, came over to that parish in the month of October last.

In Craven county are two parishes.

9. St. James' Santeè; a parish consisting chiefly of French refugees, conforming to the Church of England, in which is a church, about 60 miles from Charles city; a parish house, and a glebe of near 1000 acres of land. The present minister, the Rev. Mr. Albert Ponderous, a learned divine and convert from the church of Rome, hath been resident there above two years.

10. King George's Parish, which being a new settlement, about 90 miles from Charles City, was made a parish by his Excellency General Nicholson, his Majesty's present governor, about 18 months ago. The General Assembly having allowed 1000*l.* of the currency of Carolina, and his Excellency given 100*l.* toward the building of a church there, which is not yet begun.

In Colleton County are two parishes, viz.

11. St. Paul's, now vacant, and the parishoners humble supplicants for another minister. They are a sober well inclined people, kind and obliging to their late minister, diligent in attending the word of God, and desirous of all good instruction. The church, which is built of brick, and stands 20 miles from Charles City, being too small for the present congregation, is at this time enlarging and beautifying. The inhabitants having raised by subscriptions among themselves, upwards of 1000*l.* and obtained from the General Assembly 500*l.*, of the currency of Carolina, besides a legacy of 100*l.* bequeathed to that use by Mr. John Whitmarsh of the said parish, lately deceased, and some few other presents. Near the church is a glebe of 70 acres of land, whereon was a very convenient brick house and some other out-buildings which were burnt down by the Indians in the year 1715, and not yet re-built. The sum of 456*l.* Carolina money, was allowed out of the treasury there, for to repair the same, which having been let out to interest, is now about 600*l.*

12. St. Bartholomews; this parish hath been vacant, since the year 1715, by the death of the late incumbent, Mr. Osborne, one of the honorable Society's missionaries. It was then entirely depopulated by the Indian war, and very few of the inhabitants since returned, who live remote from one another, and have neither church or parsonage house. There is a glebe of 300 acres of land, and some preparations were formerly making towards a church and house. But the war breaking out, the inhabitants dispersed, and the minister dead, nothing of late hath been done in it.

In Granville county there is but one parish.

13. St. Helen's; in which is neither church nor parsonage house. The General Assembly hath lately allowed 1000*l.*, of the currency of Carolina, and the governor 100*l.*, toward the building of the church. This parish was also depopulated in the Indian war, but many of the inhabitants since returned. The Rev. Mr. Brayfield, chaplain to his Majesty's forces in Carolina, officiates sometimes there. There is also a Presbyterian teacher, who lives meanly and chiefly upon his own private interest.

N. B. That near Charles city is a large, handsome, brick house, and a glebe of 17 acres of land, for the parsonage, which at present, with the consent of the minister, is made use of for the school that is setting up there, by Mr. Morritt, and a house within the city, hired by the public for the use of a minister.

N. B. That toward the repairs of parsonage houses, the ministers, church wardens and vestry, of each parish, are empowered to draw upon the public treasurer; any sum not exceeding 25*l.* of the aforesaid proclamation money, per annum: and a certain sum for the repairs of the churches and to pay the clerk, sextons, and registers their salaries.

N. B. There are a within the several parishes dissenters of different denominations, but there are no public teachers at present except among the Presbyterians or Independents, who have four or five, though not above two or three of them that are settled teachers.

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London, Aug. 10, 1723.

Education.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CLASSICAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

[Continued from page 343.]

Bearing then these views in mind, what the true requirements, and what the ends of education, we arrive at the consideration of language, and especially of the Greek and Latin tongues as the centre and principal subject of early instruction; and arrive at this consideration with so much of the proof of the superior excellence of such a system already anticipated, that it seems scarcely necessary to dwell for any length of time on arguments to support it. Indeed what could be more preposterous, than to set out an elaborate dissertation upholding that, which there are none to gainsay: explaining or asserting the worth and value of language, when each to himself supplies a better measure of it than could all the art of words or phrase. Every man feels, and no man needs to be taught, that to the power of communicating thought and sentiment through this medium, he owes his very life and existence. Most dependent of all animals, physically least capable of providing for the demands and wants of his nature by his own individual strength, and yet subject to more necessities and cravings than any other being, man derives from language the means of combining with his fellows, and achieving for his kind the sovereignty of creation. By this common inheritance we are knit together; nay, become human. Destitute of it, we had been reduced to the level of the brute. It is not merely an accomplishment of countless value; it is an indispensable. That we could think without language is doubtful; that we could *not* to any purpose is certain. All that mighty ascent of intellectual being, by which, upon the wings of imagination and science we soar to bring down truth and knowledge, had never been, were language unknown, or even if known, were it uncultivated. We are the possessors of not only the mental treasures acquired by ourselves, but of all the successive accumulations of ages, and this key gives us to unlock the stores of the past and present? Or let us contemplate this marvel of our nature in another aspect; diffuser of knowledge, of refinement, of social union: is it not also diffuser and source of most of the happiness we enjoy? To possess means of spreading abroad our individual feelings; to communicate our gladness and sorrow; to confer and receive, and return again, and so by repeated reflections mirror back and reproduce the thousand artifices of expression, which affection and kindly feeling invent or find to disperse and renew themselves—in comparison with that which enables us to enjoy all this happiness—the life of life—what discovery or knowledge deserving comparison? If, as is the case, by more diligent culture, we arrive at greater skill and perfection in this wondrous machinery; if severe and constant study of the structure and inter-dependence and framework of words and sentences enable us more successfully to understand and to reveal, to seek or to bestow joy and consolation, to touch the finest links of union between us and our brother man, to approach by less accessible and more certain avenues the corresponding emotions and associative trains we would desire to awaken; surely no time or labor, or exertion can be deemed too much, so that there existed even a hope of obtaining therefrom any advance toward such blessings?

Thus then is it, that over the whole world is extended language, as it were one fine webwork making intercommunion betwixt soul and soul; binding together all nations, and kindred, and people, equally required by the greatest and the meanest, the loftiest and the most lowly. Infinite the varieties of tongues, and not less infinite the varieties of feeling, character, and circumstance; yet amid them all, and through this endless diversity, one voice is heard animating the entire; the voice of human nature herself, through the medium of this enjoyment and necessity common to the whole race, proclaiming everywhere, and despite of accidental distinctions, the one universal heart beating in every human bosom. Surely then, of aught that has its place, home, and habitation on this earth only, language in an especial manner is adapted to inspire that *charity* Bacon demanded as the preparation for, and corrective of knowledge; that sense of the brotherhood in which the whole human family is united together, which can alone make information better than the tinkling cymbal: surely it, or nothing else, is that first chief central subject for educational instruction, which, fulfilling all requisites, is fitted to be made the intellectual aliment wherewith to nurture the mental constitution into strength and form.

Undoubtedly it may, at first sight, seem that one half the word-weighing and philological research and grammatical niceties which form so large a part of a schoolboy's studies, bring with them none of these advantages. But let any man who thinks so, turn his attention to the profound work, whose title we have affixed to our paper. He will there learn that a deeper meaning is hidden in these things, even in the pettiest particle, than lies upon the surface. He will come to see how, in these very shadows is emblematised, or we should rather say embodied, the very deepest realities of our being, and how according to the conceptions thus derived, our views upon the most important subjects may be regulated and formed. In contrast with this admirable work, he may study Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley, and learn how subtle and dangerous a fabric of doubt and error can be reared upon the apparently unstable basis of etymology. The two works will show him—the one that for good, and the other that for evil—these very verbal niceties, which appear so trivial and only wasteful of time, may be made incalculably effective. Into these profound subjects, or Mr. Donaldson's work upon them, our limits do not allow us to enter, nor in truth, if they did, could we hope that many Magazine readers would be prepared to follow us. Leaving speculations of this nature, therefore, out of view, we would, however, press that, which is quite sufficient to make out our case, and ask our antagonist to consider whether this very grammatical knowledge is not at least of some advantage, since the grammar of any one language must contribute toward teaching those principles and conditions and laws of speech, which are common to all language, and essential for the use of even our own mother tongue; and whether even were this learning of less value than it is, the very discipline required to attain it, is not inestimable. What training can be adopted more calculated to produce habits of accuracy, acuteness, and precision in the mind, than these very minutiæ of syntax and grammar? Nothing is too small or too trifling for the scholar's attention: studying a dead language where the modes of thought and arrangement are different from those of his own, he cannot afford to neglect a single syllable. He is forced, whether he will or not, nay, in spite of himself forced to be accurate. Now we know not that there could be named any greater blessing to man, than whatsoever teaches him to heed and recognise the importance of small matters. "He that despiseth little things shall perish by little and little," is an aphorism true not only of those awfully momentous subjects, of which it is, perhaps, primarily to be understood, but also of every occupation, engagement, pursuit, or study which man's hand findeth to do. The very minuteness of these points of criticism and scholarship is after all not their least recommendation. To examine, weigh, and gain the habit of taking them always into account will, as we have said, give precision and accuracy; and to this we should add, the increased activity of mind; its muscles, as it were, exercised into the highest degree of agility. Thus though the *prize* were nothing, yet is the *chase* invaluable.

But besides all these motives for the study of language, there exists another in the very imperfections and deceitfulness inevitably attached to words: the *idola fori* as they have been termed in the Baconian nomenclature. Our agent is not seldom our master; and perhaps of all those false appearances which impose upon us and mislead, there are none less easy of detection or prevention, than those of language. Into the sources from which these arise, or the modes in which they operate, we do not now enter. They have been acknowledged by every thinker on the subject,*

* "Aristophanes, in one of his most brilliant dramas, has described *the birds*, the accustomed messengers between heaven and earth, as joining in a general revolt against their masters; and, by cutting off all communication between Jupiter and his subjects, reducing both gods and men to a dependence on themselves. If I might be permitted to give the same sort of philosophic turn to this

and without proving the assertion we shall take them for granted "*Credunt homines*," says Lord Bacon, "*rationem suam verbis imperare: sed fit etiam ut verba vim suam super intellectum retorqueant et reflectant.*" Nor does this deceitfulness lessen as we grow older, nor will mere experience diminish its effect; rather, as we advance, and in the course of our travel onward, meet them linked with new and unexpected associations, the difficulty of analysis and detection becomes greater. Each word gathers, as it were, around it innumerable accidental companions; and not a phrase that may not become the centre of myriads of attendant conceptions. Nay, in addition to that mysterious agency by which they may become bound to any once attached train of ideas, there is in them a reproductive power, and that which at first might seem simple and transparently clear, may multiply itself into a thousand new images and phantasies, or become confusedly involved in an endless complexity of emotions and thoughts.

"Words," says the same acute essayist, to whom in our note we have already referred, "words resemble a *paper medium of circulation*, which is in every respect more portable and convenient than gold, but derives all its value from its supposed convertibility into the precious metals. Thus words enjoy innumerable advantages as a current medium of exchange, in the *negociation* of the understanding, (to use a phrase of Bacon's) with its stock of knowledge: but their entire value, as in the former case, depends upon the capacity they possess of being reduced at any moment to ideas. If (to continue the figure) we could guard against an *over-issue* of words, or the imposition of mere *forgeries*, in place of authentic tokens, we might make use of them to an unlimited extent. But, unfortunately, language is liable to both these evils.

Words may be forced into circulation beyond the stock of ideas in the mind to meet them; and words may, by dishonest craft, be made to pass for the representatives of far other ideas than those they should legitimately indicate. We must not suppose that the process of association stops short just at that convenient place where the feelings and judgments, proper to the idea, have been transferred to the name. From the name originally settled they pass by the operation of the same laws, in different degrees and proportions, to names connected with the first by affinities of sound, general meaning, grammatical connexion, and a thousand other suggesting principles."

Language being, therefore, this potent, wonder-working but most deceptive agent, it becomes indispensable for our intellectual well-being, that all its extraordinary capability, nature, and peculiarities should be carefully examined and accurately known. Now this can be done only through the medium of some particular tongue; only by attentively observing the idioms, the grammatical rules and inflections of some nation, the dependencies, structure, and connection of its words. The least effective for this purpose evidently is our own mother tongue; for the process by which we have attained it, is any thing but favorable to analysis or reflection. We receive it at too early an age, and connected with too vivid and permanent associations, to allow us to make distinctions or refined speculations. The only way in which this inevitable *idolatry* (to use Bacon's phrase,) can be shaken, is by the force of contrast: by seeing the same thing through the medium of another language. We bring ourselves out of the illusive atmosphere which our own tongue spreads around us, and see through one not perhaps so much less distorting, as distorting in a different direction. Comparing both, we can allow for each; and discover how much of either is the result of the necessary principles and processes of our reasoning capacities, and how the casual addition of locality. Thus by degrees we are enabled to ascend from the transient and the accidental to the permanent and inevitable. This of course is an advantage common to all foreign languages, whether ancient or modern; but there are several reasons why the former are preferable. In the first place there are idols of the age, as well as of the nation, and to these all contemporary languages are liable. In the next it is desirable to provide a similar medium to effect this for every modern nation, and it is perfectly evident that this forms the only one, on which all would agree. French, German, English, American—all are willing to adopt ancient literature as the basis of instruction, and the means whereby each casting off local and peculiar associations may rise to the higher region of intellectual being, fitted for the universal mind of man. Again, it is to be remembered, that modern tongues are all, more or less, in a state of flux and alteration: the ancient, fixed and unvarying. The former are, therefore, by no means adapted to supply certain or determinate ideas upon these subjects: they elude the analysist in his very grasp. The latter are spread before us in perfect preservation, and placed in the most favorable manner for our scrutiny and examination. Finally, the Greek is the most perfect of tongues, and the Latin, with the sole exception of the English, the next so: and in proportion to the perfection to which they have been brought, and the degree of cultivation they have received from their great authors, is their adaptation to our purpose. That this is so we need not tell our classical readers: those who do not come under this denomination may judge for themselves, after reading Nelson Coleridge's masterly summary of their peculiar characteristics.

"Greek,—the shrine of the genius of the old world, as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of nature herself; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English: with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and the picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and the intensity of Æschylus: not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato, not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardors even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes.

"Latin,—the language of empire and of war, of law and of the State: inferior to its half parent in the embodiment of passion, and in the distinguishing of thought; but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire—stamped with the mark of an imperious and despotising republic: rigid in its constructions, parsimonious in its synonimes: reluctantly yielding beneath the flowery yoke of Horace, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendor in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius: proved indeed to the uttermost by Cicero, and by him found wanting, yet majestic in its bareness, impressive in its conciseness, the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals, breathing the maxims of the world and not the tenets of the schools: one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus."

But in addition to this excellence—this surpassing excellence of the Greek and Latin tongues, thus rendering them the very best agents and medium through which the youthful understanding may acquire a knowledge and sense of the power and mystery and marvellous efficacy of language; may become disciplined into those uses, and guarded against those subtle tendencies of which we have already spoken; advantages of a different kind, but equally great and desirable, result from their study. We have already had occasion to advert to the sense of intercommunion wrought by this common necessity, and privilege of our nature viewed as extending over the whole earth: how fitted its contemplation is to produce and unfold a perception of the similarity and brotherly relation, and social connection of human beings; and how important and beneficial is the production of such a sense and perception. Now the ancient tongues are surely calculated to create and foster precisely the same tone of feeling in relation to time. If by language the most distant and remote regions are united and made one, so also by language are the most ancient and widely severed ages. Beneath the spell of this enchantress, the long roll of years seems annihilated, and we become, as it were, a portion of the generations past away. We are the cōmates and companions of great minds, in their noblest moods and attitudes, as embodied in their works, without the passions or frailties that mar the living lesson. To borrow the forceful expression of Wordsworth, the boy's "heart leaps up" to find himself and his own nature responded to by the men of antiquity; the same fear and hope, aspiring and despondency glowing and darkening within their bosoms, as now within his own: and despite of and over the wide interval of two thousand years, "face answering face," and man his brother.

Nor should we forget, that, in the very antiquity of these authors and languages, there is an especial advantage. The fame, with which we are co-eval, cannot be considered as sure and certain Contemporary popularity is no safe or decisive test of genuine merit; nay, experience leads to the conclusion, that genius of the highest order is not seldom far in advance of its era, and has itself to create the taste, which is required for its appreciation. Time, and time alone can stamp upon each work the impress of immortality. But here we have not only this impress testifying to their superlative excellence, but the equally decisive one of universal admiration. The illustrious of Greek and Roman literature have commanded the homage and admiration not only of every age, but also of every civilized people; and had we limits to do so, it would not be uninteresting to consider

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fable, as lord Bacon has given to some of the earlier mythologic legends, I should pronounce it to contain an allegorical representation of the tyranny which words—those airy nuncios between the mind and truth—have long exercised over the understanding and its ideas. At first sight it might seem just as improbable that sounds, empty and unmeaning in themselves, should influence the reason of which they are the creatures, as that the baseless towers of *Nephilococcygia* should hang suspended upon nothing in the atmosphere. Yet experience has proved that, in a medium so thin and unsubstantial as that of words, obstacles may exist, of strength enough to oppose the loftiest aspirings of genius after truth, and to prevent the communion of the human intellect with the realities of nature." *An essay on the impediments to knowledge created by Logomachy. By the Rev. Wm. Fitzgerald.* Dublin:—Curry & Co. A work of singular thought, learning, and judgment.

how much in this way they have contributed to the union of the world, by infusing a community of thought and feeling into every literature. Men of all creeds, all varieties of national character, in every quarter of the globe, and under every kind of government, have alike confessed their power and beauty, and come with equal humility to worship and to learn. Everywhere and at every time the human heart has beat in response and unison with them, and in despite of the endless changes of circumstance and fashion, they have preserved their influence undiminished to this hour. The present is full of mutation and casualty; the past unchangeable. Modern literature local, national, and particular in its application: Ancient, universal, catholic, free, and open to mankind everywhere.

It was, therefore, not without reason that our fathers selected as the studies of our boyhood, the great writers of antiquity, rather than those of modern times. They thought it well thus early to familiarize the mind with the abiding, and the glorious basis of united simplicity, truthfulness, and force, on which the abiding is raised. They imbued the taste and understanding therefore not with thoughts and conceptions, whose duration none can predict, and whose existence one breath of popular disapprobation may destroy; but with those which, age after age had approved, and nation after nation loved and learned: teaching their disciples from the earliest to raise themselves above the ever-shifting and unstable present, into a region peopled only with the changeless and eternal.*

Difficult, no doubt, these studies are; difficult the acquisition of knowledge to enable us to derive these benefits; and many and many the hour of self-denying industry that must be given, in order to obtain access to the treasure-stores of ancient literature. But where is the scholar that did not think himself amply recompensed for all his exertions and time, when he had gained access? and even were not this so, who, that knows human nature, would not recognise in this very difficulty and exertion our best friend? According to that noble passage of Burke's, which, had he written nothing else, would alone have sufficed to render his name immortal:

"Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too.

'Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit.'

"He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial."

But, say the objectors—and in the enthusiasm of our advocacy, we had well nigh forgotten objection and cavil—you have offered no defence for the follies and superstitions of antiquity; you do not show any good that can possibly result from its preposterous creed, its absurd and absolutely immoral mythology.* Now in considering this, we must bear in recollection that there are two ways of viewing every thing; that we may do so either in the spirit of scorn and question, or in the spirit of reverence and belief. No doubt in the former, and seen by the matter-of-fact glance of our useful-knowledge philosopher, these things do seem unmeaning and useless, or perhaps something worse. But in the latter, and looked at with eyes that come to learn, and not to pry, and vex, and criticise, it does seem to us, that there is a deeper significancy in them than their aspect might at first appear to present.

"Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop,
Than when we soar."

And thus is it that here also we must come in the docile spirit of a child, or there is for us no entrance into the deeper and hidden import of these things. But he that will so come, and attentively considering the mystery of the universe around him, and the still deeper mystery of his own being, ponder over the allegories and legends, in which the faith of the men of old took shape and form, will, we are assured, conclude, that however enlightened be our age, it is not impossible for it to derive hence a deep lesson. There is something, after all, in that old hero worship, the reverence for the godlike, not unennobling The spirit of superstition is at all events better than the spirit of scepticism: the spirit that abstracts us from ourselves, overcomes the material and the earthy, beautifies life and the world,

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn,"

more to be desired than the spirit, that strips us of every adorning illusion, denudes and disrobes existence, and leaves us but the miserable feeling of self-love, with nothing loftier toward which to aspire, nothing better around which to cling, than our own pure being.

The truth is, that never has there been shadow without a reality. The obscure phantasms, the triumphant pomps of art, that array of the visible and palpable everywhere of old addressing itself to the senses, were not the entire. The cypher had a solution, the symbol an original. Those yearnings for something beyond and above us, those intense and undefinable longings, earth cannot satisfy—with which every heart, that ever yet beat in a human bosom, has throbbed—existed, struggled for expression, and projected themselves into the representative imagery of old religion. The shapings of its hand or fancy, gave them a fixed form and being; and the beautiful world and mode of Greek life, a local habitation. All, all around the dweller in that fairest of climes, seemed instinct with mystery and beauty; the fit abode of divinity. The forest, whose dim silence threw its solemn shadow upon him: the bright sun whose welcome radiance seemed to interpenetrate and thrill the universe with gladness: the wild waters, which for one generation after another had leaped and sung the same exulting song without weariness or pause: those clear blue skies, undarkened by a cloud, on which, in his fair clime, he might gaze for ever, and allow he knew not what sensations of sublimity and beauty to steal into his being; these were not wholly of the material and the fading. Through them, beyond them, superior to them, existences, intelligible forms must live to move, animate, and fill them. The shadow of their presence was upon him; and go where he would, he instinctively felt that he was surrounded by the great company of spiritual creatures, who are for ever and everywhere travelling in darkness the whole earth over.

Nor should we forget that the immortality of the soul, the future state of rewards and punishments—those two great truths, all powerful for man's elevation—were part of the Pagan creed, and one of the main foundations on which their legends rested. At all times they recognised a purer and better state, "some pensive but happy place," no care or discord to mar its perfect beauty, no sorrow to make one discordant tone amid its exquisite melodies. Thither had gone departed heroes, sages, minstrels, the beacon lights of a world growing darker: and thither would also be transported all those who abstracted above the senses were now walking in righteousness their earthly paths, following after the good and godlike.

ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν ἐς τρὶς
ἑκατερῶθι μείναντες
ἀπὸ πάμπαν ἀδίκων ἔχειν
ψυχὰν ἔτειλαν Διος
ὁδὸν παρὰ Κρόνου τύρ-
σιν ἔνθα μακάρων
νᾶσος ὠκεανίδες
αὔραι περιπνεοισιν.

"The special, sole, and deepest theme of the world and man's history," says a great thinker, "that whereto all other themes are subordinated, has been, is, and remains the conflict betwixt belief and unbelief: all epochs wherein belief prevails, under what form it may, are splendid, heart-elevating, fruitful for contemporaries and posterity: all, wherein unbelief, under what form soever, attains its sorry victory, should they even for a moment glitter with sham splendor, vanish from the eyes of posterity; because no one chooses to burden himself with the study of the unfruitful." Man to rise, to attain even the least approach to the dignity and perfection of his being, must have some sense of higher reason, purer will than his own; of power to bless and benefit beyond vicissitude and above temptation. Left to himself and his own desires, he is no better than the herds that graze unthinking and die unlamented beside him. Let us not then despise, but rather in the true spirit of wisdom revere those ennobling conceptions which taught the old Pagan some dim consciousness of the excellence and mystery of the nature within him—those beautiful dreams, whose subtle but indissoluble links around him—woven, kept his faith for ever moored to the eternal world.

And now, in conclusoin — such is classical literature, so heart-elevating even in its weaknesses, preëminently superior to all other in its strength: such the confirmation in whatsoever can serve to exalt and purge the moral and intellectual being, it is calculated to supply. If there be a path to good taste, to honorable sentiment, to the formation of a manly character, it is to be found in the great works the men of Greece and Rome have bequeathed to us. The freshness of the world's youth is upon them; free, universal, appealing to all as the nature they have followed. Their very imperfections or errors, their idola, (to

* To estimate this subject, the consequences and effects of early acquaintance with the best models, in any fair approximation to the reality, it would be necessary to consider, in conjunction with the observations above made, two topics, from which, however, the limits we have on the present occasion prescribed to ourselves, unfortunately preclude us. These are, the very important metaphysical truth, that the taste is not wholly a natural instinct, but in a still greater degree the product and creation of early culture and habit; and the equally important one, that viewed either in its moral or intellectual relations the acquisition of good taste must be considered invaluable, and indeed almost an indispenable. It is a kind of handmaid, and subordinate to the moral sense; or, perhaps it were more just to say, the sister and the friend; their resemblance—such as the near tie would lead us to expect—*qualem decet esse sororum*. The "beauty is truth, truth beauty," of Keats, was therefore scarcely too daring. Our love and approbation of virtue arise from perceiving that it is in harmony at once with the conscience and the taste; equally *becoming*, as *right*: and on the other hand our condemnation of vice springs from its opposition to both, no less because it is *deformed*, than because it is *wrong*.

* This is gravely urged by Sir Francis Head in his Bubbles from the Brunnens. But Sir Francis may rest assured, that in his whole book, there are no such veritable *bubbles*, as the speculations on education.

(to borrow the Baconian nomenclature) so wholly different from ours, that they cannot injure, they cannot infect: they may guide, teach and enlighten. Let the boy then study them diligently, commit them to rote, peruse and re-peruse them, until he can recognise and *feel* their exquisite harmony, consummate judgment, and that union of art and genius elaborated to perfection, which render them without equal or parallel—and let him continue this perusal and re-perusal ceaselessly till within himself also has grown a sense of the durable and eternal, the spirit of true excellence and beauty. So slowly but surely shall he grow in tastes and opinions to the full stature of a man, yet all the while realise Lamb's perfect picture, and still think, and feel, and be in all, save superior power, a boy. Nor be the deep moral lessons forgotten; not obtrusively impressed upon him, nor fine sentiments by force compelled into his memory, not virtue and truth and goodness made as it were tasks to be learned in bitter unwillingness, but stealing and almost imperceptibly insinuating themselves into his nature; softly and silently as the snow-flakes, but as penetrating too. Old story or legend of brave emprise or honest worth, of life joyously given for home and country, of integrity and patriotism maintained unshaken 'mid the faithless and the false; every thing counted as dross to win the proud guerdon of eternal glory—these, at first scarce heeded in the fascination of the language in which they are told, gradually, separately, and distinctly become existent within the inner circle of his being—there to grow and fertilize and spread forth into a rich harvest of thoughts and feelings. Through the dreary years of professional life, their influence will abide, infusing into his doings, his every act and word, the spirit of generous confidence, of manly thinking, of faith and honor. Linked with them in undying association are his first best triumphs — the first proud consciousness of difficulty overcome, the first exquisite perception of beauty. Life's shadows cannot darken, nor life's vicissitudes change those blessed memories. Lost hope and youth, the vision and the dream in them survive and breathe; and one echo of the old melodies, one sight of the old forms, suffice to bring them back on the exulting heart, fresh, pure and warm as ever.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

CONNECTICUT.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese held a confirmation in Trinity Church, in this city, on Thursday, the 1st of July, when 89 persons received that holy rite. Among the number were two members of the Theological Seminary, in this city. Forty-two persons were also confirmed in this parish in November last, making 131 in nine months.—*Ch. Chronicle.*

NEW-YORK.

EPISCOPAL ACTS BY THE BISHOP OF THIS DIOCESE.

City of Brooklyn. Saturday, June 26, laid the corner stone of Christ Church. The Address was delivered by the Rev. Benjamin C. Cutler, D. D., Rector of St. Ann's Church.

City of New York. Third Sunday after Trinity, June 27, in St. Paul's Chapel, admitted to Deacons' Orders the following young gentlemen, who, at the Commencement on the preceding Friday, having completed the course of studies of the General Theological Seminary, had received the honors of the Institution, and thus become its Alumni:—William Adams, Arthur C. Coxe, John T. Cushing, Whiting Griswold, John H. Hobart, Alfred M. Loutrel, David M'Ilvaine, Russell Trevett, Maunsel Van Rensselaer, and Robert Washbon. Morning Prayer was read by the Rev. George E. Hare, of the diocese of New Jersey, assisted by the Rev. William F. Morgan, deacon, of the diocese of Connecticut, who read the lessons; the sermon preached by the Right Rev. John H. Hopkins, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont; and the candidates presented by the Rev. John D Ogilby, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Seminary. The Right Rev. Levi S. Ives, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina, was also present, and assisted in the Ordination Services.

Westchester County. Monday, June 28, consecrated St. Ann's Church, Morrisania. This beautiful marble edifice was erected, on his own estate, at the sole cost of Gouverneur Morris, Esq. A deed prepared by him, and executed on his part, conveying the church and ground to the corporation, about to be formed, of St. Ann's Church, Morrisania, and by him deposited with the bishop, was read by the Rev. Charles Jones, rector of Calvary Church, New York. The Instrument of Donation, also executed by Mr. Morris, was read by the Rev. Jesse Pound, missionary of the mission church of the Holy Evangelists, New York; the Sentence of Consecration by the Rev. Lewis P. W. Balch, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York; and the Morning Prayer by the Rev. Henry Anthon, D. D., rector of St. Mark's Church, New York, assisted by the Rev. Peter S. Chauncey, rector of Christ Church, Rye, who read the Lessons; and the Sermon preached by the bishop.

BISHOP ONDERDONK'S APPOINTMENTS FOR VISITATION.

Friday, July 23, Cold Spring, Putnam county.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity, and St. James the Apostle, July 25, Fishkill Landing Dutchess county, Ordination A. M., Confirmation P. M. 26, Do. Institution. Wednesday, 28, Goshen, Orange county, Ordination A. M., Confirmation P. M. Friday, 30, Marlborough, Ulster county, Ordination A. M., Confirmation P. M.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity, August 1, Clermont, Columbia county.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity, August 8, Franklin, Delaware county. Tuesday, 10, Catskill, Greene county, Consecration A. M., Confirmation P. M., Friday, 13, Saratoga Springs, Saratoga county. Laying corner-stone of church, and Confirmation.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity, August 15, Hudson, Columbia county. Institution A. M., Confirmation P. M. Tuesday 17, Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, Dutchess co. 18, Pleasant Valley. 19. Lithgow. Saturday, 21, Patterson, Putnam county, Ordination A. M., Confirmation P. M.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity, August 22, A. M., Pawlings, Dutchess county. St. Bartholomew the Apostle, Tuesday, 24, North Salem, Westchester county. 25, Somers. 26, Bedford. Saturday 28, Whiteplains.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, August 29, A. M., Rye; 4 P. M., Mamaroneck. 30, New Rochelle. 31, Pastchester September 1. Westchester. 2, Morrisania.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, September 26, St. Mary's Church, New-York.

Where ordinations are to take place, the candidates are expected to see that the proper number of Presbyters, two at least, is in attendance.

The neighboring clergy are expected to make arrangements for officiating occasionally, prior to the Bishop's visitation, and preparing candidates for confirmation, if there be any, in such of the above named parishes as are vacant.

Any other services, during the same period, not inconsistent with punctually meeting the above appointments, will also be rendered with pleasure.—*Churchman.*

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.—Mr. J. D. Wolfe has been appointed Treasurer, pro tem., of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions, in place of Mr. James Swords, resigned.

Remittances for Domestic Missions should be addressed to J. D. Wolfe, Esq., Treasurer, 281 Broadway, New-York.—*Churchman.*

The Rev. Andrew Hall and the Rev. James Sunderland, Presbyters, and the Rev. Asa Griswold, deacon of this diocese, having removed, by letters of dismission, into the diocese of Western New York, and the Rev. Marshal Whiting, presbyter, from that diocese into this, and been respectively received, have changed accordingly, their canonical residence.

The Rev. D. V. M. Johnson has been compelled, on account of ill health, to resign the rectorship of Trinity Church, Michigan City, Ia, and is at present residing in Brooklyn. He requests that all letters and papers for him be directed to the care of O. & R. A. S. Johnson, 89 South street, New-York.

The Rev. Alvah Guion has resigned the rectorship of St. James' Church, Piqua, Ohio.

The Rev. Anthony Ten Broeck of this city, has received and accepted a unanimous call to the rectorship of Grace Church, Newark, N. J.—*Ibid.*

NEW-JERSEY.

In a note to Bishop Doane's late Annual Address to the convention of New-Jersey, he says, "We want twenty missionaries: give me the means, and I will find the men!" He perhaps little hoped that the former would so soon be supplied; but we are happy to learn that the late Samuel S. Olden, Esq., of Princeton, in addition to the legacy of six thousand dollars to General Domestic Missions, has bequeathed the further sum of eight thousand dollars to the mission in his own diocese. Such noble examples of Christian liberality as we have several times of late been called to notice are truly heart-cheering to the friends of "Christ and the Church."—*Banner of the Cross.*

PENNSYLVANIA.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

REV. DR. ABERCROMBIE.—The following account of the decease and funeral of this venerable clergyman, which we have found in the North American, is so appropriate that we adopt it, in preference to any thing we should ourselves have written.

REVEREND DR. ABERCROMBIE.—Since the death of Bishop White, Dr. Abercrombie has been the only surviving link in the church, between the present generation and the past. He was not only the oldest Episcopalian clergyman in Pennsylvania, but the oldest of that communion in the United States. He had passed through a long ministry of more than half a century enjoying during the greater part of it, a professional popularity which very few preachers attain, sustaining the reputation of a ripe and elegant scholar; of an accomplished gentleman, and was justly regarded as one of the most guileless, frank and kind hearted of men. The writer can say from some knowledge of his private habits, that he was one of the most sincere, one of the most conscientious, and one of the most devout. He was often misunderstood—frank men always are. He was often misrepresented—the unresisting and the innocent must expect to be. But, after all, he passed through life, and discharged the duties of a long and prominent ministry in his native city, with the respect of his brethren, the general reverence of the community, and the warm affection of a large circle of friends. But the venerable old man is no more. To the advanced age of nearly 84 years, he retained his bodily vigor and his mental powers, almost unimpaired. But for the last two years he has been gradually declining, and on Saturday evening last he gently passed away to a better world, and to higher ministrations there.

His funeral took place on Monday last, at St. Peter's Church — the venerable edifice at whose altar he had officiated for more than forty years, and where he had regularly gone up to worship ever since his pastoral connection with it had ceased. There were present at his obsequies, every Episcopal clergyman resident in the city, it is believed, without an exception, and some ministers from the neighborhood—all his brethren thus doing honor to his memory as to a venerable father. His corpse was preceded by the Bishop of the diocese, in his Episcopal robes, attended by the Rev. Mr. Odenheimer, the minister of the church in which the burial ceremonies were to be performed. Next followed the Rev. Dr. Milnor, of St. George's Church, New-York; the Rev. Mr. Morton, of St. James' Church, Philadelphia, and the Rev. Dr. Dorr, of Christ Church. The first mentioned having been, in his early ministry, associated with the deceased as a colleague pastor in the United Churches, and the other two reverend gentlemen being now the rectors of two of them. The pall was borne by the Rev. Dr. Boyd, the

Rev. Mr. Clay, the Rev. Dr. Tyng, the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, the Rev. Dr. Clark, and the Rev. Mr. Clemson; and then followed a long train of the clergy as mourners, nearly all in clerical robes. The funeral service was performed by the Right Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese, from the altar of St Peter's and at the grave. When the body was let down into its final resting place, and the voice of the bishop was heard committing the remains of the man of God to earth, to ashes, and to dust, a solemn stillness pervaded the vast throng assembeld at his grave, and sighs and tears from the clergy and the people told that one had gone whom his brethren loved and all honored It was altogether a most imposing and touching spectacle —a fitting tribute to good old Dr. Abercrombie.

VIRGINIA.

The annual examination of the students of the Theological Seminary of Virginia, will take place in the chapel of the Seminary on Tuesday and Wednesday the 13th and 14th of the present month.

The ordination of the members of the present senior class of the Seminary, who are candidates for orders in this diocese will be held by Bishop Moore in St. George's Church, Fredericksburg, on Sunday the 18th of July. We are requested by the Rev. Dr. McGuire, the rector of the parish, to state that religious services may be expected on the preceding Friday and Saturday, the 16th and 17th days of the month.—*Southern Churchman.*

ILLINOIS.

LETTER OF BISHOP CHASE.

To the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Arath, and coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia.

RIGHT REV. SIR:

I have received your printed letter, dated the "Feast of St. John's, 1841." Not knowing what my brethren the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, to whom it is also addressed, may say to your extraordinary proposition to become Romanists, I have the honor of returning you the following answer for myself.

That branch of the Holy Catholic Church (not Roman) in America, whose Bishops you have thought proper to address, and invite to leave their parent and primitive stock,—the Vine Christ Jesus, whose only "Husbandman" is God the Father,—to be ingrafted on the Romish Church, is cherished by the blood of her martyrs. You cannot be ignorant that we are all deeply conscious of the fact of these martyrs having died rather than own the corrupted creed of the Romish Church, or submit to the usurpations of her self-created Pontiff. That it should ever have entered your mind to invite us to return to that Church, and submit to their hierarchy, seems strange; and that we should do it with our eyes shut and our tongues tied, in obedience to your invitation, is no compliment to our understanding, and no evidence of your humility.

You tell us "*to look up*" to "the chair of the Pope." We reply, we would rather "look up" to the throne of the true God, and through Jesus Christ, implore heavenly grace and strength to resist temptation to sin.

You, with seeming triumph, point us to the little pamphlet called "The End of Controversy." We would humbly direct your attention to the Holy Bible, wherein is set forth the end of the world and the fall of spiritual Babylon.

In reference to the point in question, we would most respectfully recommend to your serious perusal Dr. Barrow's work on the Papal Supremacy.

You are pleased to say, that "you cannot come beyond the precincts of the (Romish) Church, to reach us in our present position; and therefore, *from afar*, you raise your voice" to make us hear your entreaties to come to the Pope.

Now, Rt. Rev. Sir, we would spare you the trouble of raising your voice any higher, by answering forthwith that *we do hear*, and beg leave to assure you, that your being *afar off* from us, might be matter of regret, were we acquainted with your personal and private virtues. But as this is not our happy lot—as we know you only by your present "RAISED VOICE, AFAR OFF," inviting us (I cannot say tempting us) to commit a great sin, by acknowledging an earthly spiritual monarch in "calling the Pope our master," when Jesus Christ is our only universal Bishop, as he and he only was such to the Apostles and first Bishops of the Church, in those primitive days, we confess we do not regret your distance from us. If you must "RAISE YOUR VOICE" and cry aloud to us, on a subject so repugnant to our consciences and abhorrent to our feelings, we can only express our sincere wishes that the distance between us were much greater than it is.

But in this and in all things, we would pray for grace to submit to the will of God, and that which we cannot prevent nor remedy, bear with resignation.

In all things consistent with the will of Christ, the Bishop of our souls, I am, Rt. Rev. Sir,

Your faithful servant,

PHILANDER CHASE, Bishop of Illinois.

ENGLAND.

THE NATIONAL CHURCH IN THE COLONIES.

At a meeting of Archbishops and Bishops, held at Lambeth, on the Tuesday in Whitsun week, 1841, the following declaration was agreed to by all present:—

"We the undersigned Archbishops and Bishops of the united Church of England and Ireland, contemplate with deep concern the insufficient provision which has been hitherto made for the spiritual care of the members of our national church residing in the British colonies and in distant parts of the world, especially as it regards the want of a systematic superintendence of the clergy, and the absence of those ordinances the administration of which is committed to the episcopal order. We therefore hold it to be our duty, in compliance with the resolutions of a meeting convened by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the 27th of April last, to undertake the charge of the fund for the endowment of additional bishoprics in the colonies and to become responsible for its application.

"On due consideration of the relative claims of those dependencies of the empire which require our assistance, we are of opinion that the intermediate erection of bishoprics is much to be desired in the following places: New Zealand, the British possessions in the Mediterranean, New Brunswick, Cape of Good Hope, Van Dieman's land, and Ceylon.

"When competent provision shall have been made for the endowment of these bishoprics, regard must be had to the claims of Sierra Leone, British Guiana, South Australia, Port Phillip, Western Australia, Northern India, and Southern India.

"In the first instance, we propose that an episcopal see be established at the seat of government in New Zealand, offers having been already made which appear to obviate all difficulty as to endowment.

"Our next object will be to make a similar provision for the congregations of our own communion established in the islands of the Mediterranean, and in the countries bordering upon that sea; and it is evident that the position of Malta is such as will render it the most convenient point of communication with them, as well as with the bishops of the ancient churches of the east, to whom our church has been for centuries known only by name.

"We propose, therefore, that a see be fixed at Valetta, the residence of the English government, and that its jurisdiction extend to all the clergy of our church residing within the limits above specified. In this city, through the munificence of her Majesty the Queen Dowager, a church is in course of erection, which, when completed, will form a suitable cathedral.

"Our attention then will be directed to the countries named in the foregoing lists, without binding ourselves to the exact order therein followed, or precluding ourselves from granting assistance to any place where means may be found for the earlier endowment of a bishopric.

"In no case shall we proceed without the concurrence of her Majesty's government; and we think it expedient to appoint a standing committee, consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Archbishop of Armagh, the Archbishop of Dublin, the bishop of London, the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Lincoln, and the Bishop of Rochester, with full powers to confer with the ministers of the Crown, and to arrange measures, in concert with them, for the erection of bishoprics in the places above enumerated.

"We appoint as our treasurers the Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge, the Venerable Archdeacon Hale, and Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M. P.; and as Hon. Secretary the Rev Ernest Hawkins.

"For the attainment of these most desirable objects, a sum of money will be required, large as to its actual amount, but small when compared with the means which this country possesses, by the bounty of Divine Providence, for advancing the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. Under a deep feeling of the sacredness and importance of this great work, and in the hope that Almighty God may graciously dispose the hearts of his servants to a corresponding measure of liberality, we earnestly commend it to the good will, the assistance, and the prayers of all the members of our church.

"W. Cantuar,	"J. Ely,
J. G. Armagh,	E. Sarum,
C. G. London,	E. Norwich,
E. Dunelm,	T. Hereford,
C. Winton,	J. Lichfield,
C. Bangor,	C. St. David's,
G. Rochester,	P. N. Chichester,
E. Landaff,	R. Derry and Raphoe,
J. H. Gloucester and Bristol.	T. V. Soder and Man."

We, the undersigned, desire to express our concurrence in the foregoing declaration:—

E. Ebor,	C. T. Ripon,
R. Dublin,	G. Peterborough,
G. H. Bath and Wells,	H. Worcester,
J. Lincoln,	R. P. Clougher,
W. St. Asaph,	J. Elphin,
H. Carlisle,	R. Down and Connor,
J. B. Chester,	Stephen Cashel,
R. Oxford,	Charles Meath.
H. Exeter.	

Literary.

OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE.

NUMBER XXI.

CHARACTER WRITERS—FULLER'S HOLY AND PROFANE STATE.

"The writings of Fuller are usually designated by the title of quaint, and with sufficient reason; for such was his natural bias to conceits, that I doubt not upon most occasions it would have been going out of his way to have expressed himself out of them. But his wit is not always a *lumen siccum;* a dry faculty of surprising; on the contrary, his conceits are oftentimes deeply steeped in human feeling and passion. Above all, his way of telling a story, for its eager liveliness, and the perpetual running commentary of the narrator happily blended with the narration, is perhaps unequalled."

This condensed, yet most comprehensive criticism of Charles Lamb, contains all we have to say upon Fuller, to those who are already acquainted with his writings. For those who are not, the best we can do will be to dilate and vary, upon the same principle.

Properly speaking, the peculiarity of Fuller was a species of facetiousness, deepened by strong sympathies, and heightened by the relief of quaint research. His studies lay in obscure and out of the way districts of literature; yet they brought to light many a hidden gem, the more sparkling, perhaps, because of "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean" that bore it. Wit and humor, in the common acceptation, Fuller had none. He has few humorous pictures on scenes, and seldom provokes downright laughter. But in subtle fancy, in a power over quaint expressions, in a peculiar vein of illustration, he is unrivalled. From the very subtlety of this faculty, however, it is difficult to characterize its force and individuality.

Wit is found by Fuller, where he is not directly witty, in tough, knotty subjects, hardly capable of wit, in the hands of another.

Fuller's fancy is both associative and suggestive. He weaves together with his reasoning or reflection, the oddest tales and fancies: he intermixes puns, quibbles, and epigrams with grave reasons and solemn statements of history. By a picture or a phrase, also, a wholly new train of ideas is introduced into the mind, giving a fresh impulse to ideas and fancies, half hidden from the view.

The "Holy and Profane State" is a species of world picture; a sort of miniature representation of the whole frame-work of Society. It differs from the meiocosmography of Earle, in dealing rather more in general characters, and with much less of a purely local tinge. It is distinct in another point; *i. e.*, in regard to professedly comic portraits. Fuller has none of this description, with all his facetiousness and pleasantry. He does not paint habits, humors, or manners, so well as characters and sentiments. He is, besides, more avowedly a moral painter; takes occasion to deduce a grave maxim from every character or essay: is more of an expositor of, or commentator on character, than a painter of it. He is didactic, rather than descriptive. The first writers of characters occupied but a certain space, and compressed all their pictures into an alloted field of canvass—their scope was limited. Fuller, diverging from merely exact portraiture or fantastic description of a single trait, expanded a picture into a moral essay or a short sermon. He lets no opportunity escape of enforcing the beauty or odiousness of the character he is delineating, by all the aids he can furnish, of fancy, researches, observation, and shrewd humor. In a word, he is more directly didactic than Earle; more of the scholar than Overbury. He is a philosopher rather than a poet. At the same time, he teaches so entertainingly, as not to weary by mere exhortation.

We cannot say this of his style. It is pointed to excess. His wit, sometimes, tires from its incessant play and animation. One, sometimes, wishes his author had less. He gives over measure. He is too full of good thoughts and gay conceits. This is, certainly, a rare defect. What we would imply is, that there is a want of smoothness in all of Fuller's writings. He is without any amenity or bland eloquence. Full of sense, deep, acute, weighty as they are; abundant in reason, dazzling with illustration, still they cloy. You cannot read much of him at once; the wonderful condensation of his style stays a rapid perusal.

The great defect of Fuller's style is its want of variety. Whatever this celebrated divine undertook to compose, became, under his hand, an apothegm or an epigram. The entire tissue of his composition may be resolved into these two forms of writing. He is full of "wise saws and modern instances," in another sense than Shakspeare's hero. His wisdom is that of personal experience and a thorough knowledge of antiquity; his instances, curious examples of his fantastic turn of mind. His proofs are always original; his evidence is new, trite, and common. We will give some examples of this, presently.

The Holy State, is a picture of a perfect condition of Society, in which all the *dramatis personæ* of this lower sphere perform their parts with uniform excellence; where every character is admirable in itself and of its class; an inducement rather for individual exertion than a hope to be entertained by the world at large. Appended to each character, is one or more short lives of persons who afford the best illustration of the text. Intermingled between these, again, are general essays on topics of paramount importance.

The Profane State, exhibits the dark side of the picture. Our brief quotations will be drawn from the former. Fuller's morality is always of the proper kind. Observe his views of the relation of father and child. Of "the good parent," he says, "*He observeth gavel-kind in dividing his affections, though not his estate.* He loves these (though leaves them not) all alike;" "the good child reverenceth the person of his parent, though old, poor, and froward. As his parent bare with him when a child, he bears with his parent if twice a child: nor doth his dignity above him, cancel his duty unto him. When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John, his father, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, he would in Westminster Hall beg his blessing of him on his knees."

Fuller is satirical, but always in the right place: he satirizes presumption and vice only—often his satire is only pleasant raillery. It is invariably the product of good sense and honest feeling. Thus of obscure writers he speaks—"some men's heads are like the world before God said unto it, *fiat lux;*" of Mr. Perkins, the faithful minister, "He would pronounce the word *damn* with such an emphasis as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears a good while after." In his character of the good master of a college, he remarks, "some dulness in a man makes him fitter to manage secular affairs" Doctor Nicholas Metcalf hit this character to a nicety.

There is a solid foundation of sense in all that Fuller wrote. Here are a few sentences to prove it, if that were necessary. "Anger is one of the sinews of the soul; *he that wants it hath a maimed mind;* and with Jacob, sinew-shrunk in the hollow of his thigh, must needs halt. Nor is it good to converse with such as cannot be angry, and with the Caspian sea, never ebb nor flow." "Memory, like a purse, if it be over full, that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it."* In his essay 'of Recreations, he gives this excellent advice: "But take heed of cozening thy mind, in sitting it to do a double task under pretence of giving it a play-day, *as in the labyrinth of chess*, and other tedious and studious games."

We present two instances of his feeling heart. Of the good judge, 'Oh, let him take heed how he strikes, that hath a dead hand!' In an essay of marriage, 'I wish to all married people, the outward happiness which (Anno 1605) happened to a couple in the city of Delphi, in Holland, living most lovingly together seventy-five years in wedlock, till the man, being one hundred and three, and the woman ninety-nine years of age, died within three hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave.' This last instance, is much in the style of Jean Paul, whom, in curiosity of illustration and depth of humanity, Fuller strongly resembles.

Of his peculiar fancy, distinct from the foregoing, we select these:

THE ELDER BROTHER. "Is one who made haste to come into the world, to bring his parents the first news of male posterity, and is well rewarded for his tidings." Of Dr. Whittaker, who, when very young, was chosen professor, against two competitors, in age far his superiors, he adds, the electors, "preferring a *golden head before silver hairs.*" This is stating the question fairly of youthful maturity, and the weakness of those who are supposed to be wiser only because older.

THE GOOD YEOMAN. 'Is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined, and is the wax capable of a gentle impression, when the prince shall stamp it.' *Tombs* 'are the clothes of the dead; a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.' He adds the singular case of "Arbagastus, an Irish saint and Bishop of Spires, in Germany, who would be buried near the gallows, in imitation of our Saviour, whose grave was in mount Calvary, near the place of execution." As a petit-morceaux, we have reserved for the last, a page of witty anecdotes, the like of which is to be found nowhere, save in the quaint pages of the fantastic Thomas Fuller. They occur in his essay 'of Natural Fools.' We give a few prefatory sentences. "*Many have been the wise speeches of fools, though not so many as the foolish speeches of wise men.* Now the wise speeches of these silly souls proceed from one of these reasons: either because talking much, and shooting often, they must needs hit the mark sometimes, though not by aim, by hap; or else, because a fool's *mediocrity* is *optime;* sense from his mouth a sentence; and a tolerable speech cried up for an apothegm: or, lastly, because God may sometimes illuminate them, and especially towards their death, admit them to the possession of some part of reason. A poor beggar in Paris being very hungry, stayed so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing up of meat, till his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric, covet-

* Fuller's memory was wonderful. For certain incredible instances of it, see a short life prefixed to the Boston edition of the Holy State.

ous cook, demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and the controversy was referred to the deciding of the next man that should pass by, who chanced to be the most notorious idiot in the whole city. He, on the relation of the matter, determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt two empty dishes, and the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of the poor man's money, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat. And this is affirmed by credible writers, as no fable, but an undoubted fact.

More waggish was that of a rich landed fool, whom a courtier had begged and carried about to wait on him. He coming with his master to a gentleman's house, where the picture of a fool was wrought in a fair suit of arras, cut the picture out with a penknife. And being chidden for so doing; *You have more cause, said he, to thank me, for if my master had seen the picture of the fool, he would have begged the hangings of the king, as he did my lands.* When the standers-by comforted a natural who lay on his death-bed, and told him that four proper fellows should carry his body to the church, *Yea*, quoth he, *but I had rather by half go thither myself;* and then prayed to God at his last gasp not to require more of him than he gave him."

J.

Anthology.

A VISION OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Mine ears were deaf to melody,
My lips were dumb to sound;
Where did'st thou wander, oh, my soul,
When ear and tongue were bound?

'I wandered by the stream of time,
Made dark by human tears;
I threw my voice upon the waves,
And *they* did throw me theirs.'

And how did sound the waves, my soul?
And how did sound the waves?
'Hoarse, hoarse and wild; they ever dash'd
'Gainst ruin'd thrones and graves.'

And what sight on the shore, my soul?
And what sight on the shore?
'Twain beings sate there silently,
And sit there evermore.'

Now tell me fast and true, my soul;
Now tell me of those twain.
'One was yclothed in mourning vest,
And one in trappings vain.

'She in the trappings vain was fair,
And eke fantastical;
A thousand colors dyed her garb;
A blackness bound them all.

'In part her hair was gaily wreath'd,
In part was wildly spread;
Her face did change its hue too fast,
To say 't was pale or red.

'And when she looked on earth, I thought
She smil'd for very glee:
But when she look'd to heaven, I knew,
That tears stood in her ee.

'She held a mirror, there to gaze:
It could no cheer bestow;
For while her beauty cast the shade,
Her breath did make it go.

'A harper's harp did lie by her,
Without the harper's best;
A monarch's crown did lie by her,
Wherein an owl had nest;

'A warrior's sword did lie by her,
Grown rusty since the fight;
A poet's lamp did lie by her,
Ah, me! where was its light?'

And what did'st *thou* say, oh, my soul,
Unto that mystic dame?
'I ask'd her of her tears, and eke
I ask'd her of her name.

'She said, she built a prince's throne;
She said he ruled the grave;
And that the levelling world ask'd not
If he were king or slave.

'She said she form'd a godlike tongue,
Which lofty thoughts unsheathed;
Which roll'd its thunder round, and purged,
The air the nations breathed.

'She said that tongue, all eloquent,
With silent dust did mate;
Whereon false friends betray'd long faith.
And foes outspat their hate.

'She said she warm'd a student's heart,
But heart and brow 'gan fade;
Alas, alas! those Delphic trees
Do cast an upas shade!

'She said her name was Life; and then
Out laugh'd and wept aloud,
What Time, the other being strange,
Lifted the veiling shroud.

'Yea! lifted she the veiling shroud,
And breathed the icy breath;
Whereat, with inward shuddering,
I knew *her* name was Death.

'Yea! lifted she her calm, calm brow,
Her clear cold smile on me:
Whereat, within my deepness leap'd
Mine immortality.

'She told me it did move her smile,
To witness how I sighed;
Because that what was fragile brake,
And what was mortal died.

'As if that kings could grasp the earth,
Who from its dust began;
As if that suns could shine at night,
Or glory dwell with man.

'She told me she had freed *his* soul,
Who aye did freedom love;
Who now reck'd not, were worms below,
Or ranker worms above!

'She said the student's heart had beat
Against its prison dim;
Until she crush'd the bars of flesh,
And pour'd truth's light on him.

'She said that they who left the hearth,
For aye in sunshine dwell;
She said the funeral tolling brought
More joy than marriage bell!

'And as she spake, she spake less loud;
The stream resounded more;
Anon I nothing heard but waves,
That wail'd along the shore.'

And what did'st thou say, oh, my soul
Upon that mystic strife?
'I said that Life was only Death,
That only Death was Life.'

MISS BARRETT.

EPITAPH

On Maria Wentworth, daughter of the Earl of Cleveland.

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubim.

In height, it soar'd to God above;
In depth, it did to knowledge move;
And spread at length, to general love.

Before, a pious duty shined
To parents; courtesy, behind;
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear;
To servants kind; to friendship clear:
To nothing but herself severe.

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justified
A chaste polygamy—and died.

Learn from hence, reader, what small trust
We owe this world; where virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

CAREW.

Topics of the Times.

PETTY CRIMES.

One of the New-York papers complains of the increase of petty crimes, and of the inadequacy of penal laws, for their suppression. It says that the Courts are daily trying criminals, and sentencing them to short terms of imprisonment, without diminishing their number; that the process seems interminable, through the continual appearance of new delinquents, and the incessant returns of the old. Among remedies, this paper suggests the necessity of reformation in the discipline of prisons and Sunday schools, for the education of children neglected by their parents.

This is the usual course of editorial moralists; overlooking causes and grappling with effects. Proper discipline in prisons is a good engine of reformation among prisoners; and Sunday schools are an excellent provision for children suffering under parental neglect. But something that would prevent imprisonment and parental neglect, would be still more efficacious. Crime and its consequence, imprisonment, are *effects*. Parental neglect is an *effect*. We would strike at *causes*, and therefore we ask this New-York paper to ascertain, if possible, what thing or things *lead* to crime and parental neglect. By reaching and removing these *causes*, we shall prevent the effects; we shall then prevent the production of criminals and vicious parents. Have we no causes of moral evil continually operating through society? Continually pervading every department of it? Continually bringing its thousands of victims to the sacrifice? We can see them in abundance. And they originate with those who have the best opportunities for knowing better; and the responsibility devolves upon those claiming to be the "better portion of society." Most of them may be traced to the *immoralities of trade*. Trade makes wealth the standard of respectability; and the consequent desire of wealth, leads to the toleration of any thing that produces pecuniary profit, and the suppression of every thought or feeling, the counteraction of every principle, inconsistent with *gain*.

Trade countenances slavery, intemperance, and gaming; and from these flow profusion, and every other vice, and every crime. Trade countenances slavery. While men will buy slaves, other men will make men slaves to sell; and the gain of the trade hushes all cries of conscience against its iniquities. The merchant who lives in a community where slavery is forbidden, has no scruples about sending a cargo of slaves to a slave holding community. He may never witness the horrors of the trade. At ease in his counting house, far distant from the scene of action, he does not hear the cries of the wretches whom his avarice dooms to misery in this life, if not to perdition in another; and though he might not command or serve in a slave ship, because he can employ his time much more profitably, and has no scruples in hiring captains, and supercargoes, and agents, and sailors, to perpetrate, directly and manually, all the abominable details of the traffic. Does he voluntarily corrupt himself? And does he aid directly in corrupting others? Does he live in splendor on the wages of sin, and does he offer the same wages to others?

Trade countenances intemperance. The distiller, the wine maker, the importer of alcohol, the wholesale dealer in it, grow rich upon the traffic, live sumptuously upon their riches, and are respected and honored for their large possessions. Others, seeing how they grow rich, fare sumptuously, and are honored, turn a deaf ear to all suggestions about the misery and crime produced by the trade, and seek riches, and luxury, and influence, by following the example. Are such men voluntary corruptors? Do they dispense through society a potent engine of moral and physical evil? Do they gain wealth, and honor, and influence by it, and do they thus riot on the wages of sin? They distribute alcohol among retailers of it, and retailers dispense it through the community. And hundreds and thousands of drinking houses rise up and flourish,

and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, are initiated, within their walls, in courses that inevitably produce decay of health, and morals, and temper, in themselves, and lead to privation and suffering, hunger, cold, rags, ignorance, beggary, sickness, premature death or lasting ruin, in themselves, their wives, and their children. And such things lead to theft, robbery, fraud, burglary, arson, murder; give employment to courts and juries, fill prisons and alms-houses, and create the necessity for prison discipline and Sunday schools. Yet the trade is profitable to all concerned; from the vine planter and the sugar planter, through the importer, the commission merchant, the auctioneer, down to the retailer; and though the distribution of it causes a heavy tax upon society, in the punishment of crime, and the support of poverty, yet the fees paid for the license to distribute, furnish a large revenue to the State. Since, then, so much money is made by the traffic, and so much honor and influence is accorded to this money, what but fanaticism, wild, impracticable, visionary, Utopian scheming, would stop the trade?

Trade countenances gaming. It establishes, without appropriate guards, banks, and these banks promote speculation, or gaming, and this gaming leads to idleness, or the neglect of useful employment, mental or manual. Imaginary wealth is thus suddenly acquired, and as surely leads to extravagance in expenditure. The honor ascribed to wealth renders its acquisition the ruling passion; and extravagant expenditure is regarded as the evidence of wealth. All these things operating together, lower the moral standard, and weaken obstacles to gratification, sensual or mental. Hence we find the slave trade, intemperance, smuggling at home, violating revenue laws abroad, smuggling rum and brandy into our own ports, and opium into China; buying opium of the Turks to sell to the Chinese, and encouraging sugar planters and distillers to manufacture rum, to sell to the Turks. Hence we find drinking houses, gaming houses, houses of ill-fame, seduction, and the whole catalogue of crimes, great and small. All originate in, or are encouraged by, the immoralities of trade. The rich dealer in alcohol will poison society; his sons, with ample supplies of money from their rich father, will seduce; his wife and daughters, creating or following a false standard of social dignity, will encourage the profligate; and the results of all these causes are prisons full of convicts, and cities full of vicious parents and suffering children.

With all these iniquities among the rich and the high, can we expect pure morals among the poor and the low? Will a poor, ignorant outcast hesitate in stealing a loaf of bread, when he sees a company of rich merchants plundering a community by their schemes? Will a poor drunkard refrain from assaults and batteries, when he sees legislators quarrelling in their cups, and murdering each other in duels? Will a poor retailer have any scruples of conscience in tempting a few fathers of families into intemperance, when he sees the rich and honored distiller, or rum-vender, or brandy importer, supplying the means to thousands like himself? Will any body respect the laws, where he sees legislators making laws to fill society with misery, alms-houses with paupers, and jails with convicts? Those who would prevent petty crimes, must frown upon great crimes. Those who would reform the poor criminal, must begin with the rich criminal, who supplies him with the means of corruption.—*Boston Notion.*

GERMANY.

There is at this time probably a greater want of union and harmonious feeling among the different powers of Germany, than in any other European country not actually engaged in civil war. In addition to several minor and perhaps transient causes for this, a sufficient explanation of the fact may be found in German religion and politics. There exists in Germany two religions which are rivals and are eternally jealous of each other. Out of 35,000,000 of inhabitants there are 19,500,000 Catholics, and 15,500,000 Protestants. The inconvenience resulting from this difference would be of no consequence if the followers of the two religions were of nearly equal number in each state; for in that case the governments who have different political views could not make use of the difference of religion to serve their political interests. But this is not the case. Some states are almost entirely Catholic, as Austria, Bavaria and the Grand Duchy of Baden. Prussia, on the contrary, has but 4,000,000 Catholics out of 12,000,000 inhabitants. 1,500,000 however, of those Catholics are assembled on the banks of the Rhine, at the gates of Catholic France and Belgium. In regard to politics, Germany is divided into absolute and constitutional governments. The two great powers are absolute monarchies, and most of the minor states enjoy constitutions, or at least the name of constitutions. Although these constitutions are in fact but a mockery, they nevertheless enjoy great popularity, and are not the less a subject of envy to the inhabitants of the despotic states. The absolute monarchs fear the contagion of liberalism. They retard the developement of constitutional institutions through their preponderating influence in the German Diet, and they would willingly avail themselves of an opportunity which might arise to seize upon all those principalities and republics in which free opinions have established their head-quarters. Whenever a popular movement arises, they are ready to send their troops to take it under their protection. For how many years has not the city of Frankfort been occupied by Austrian and Prussian troops; and, if it were not for France being so near, there is no doubt but that several small states would have been absorbed and obliterated from the list of independent states of Germany. The truth is, that Germany would gain in force and in unity by such a measure. There would then no longer be seen pigmies of states with as many ministers as Great Britain, with a Chamber of Peers of fifteen or sixteen members and a Chamber of Deputies which is lost in a large hall. All this would cease. Under the existing surface of quiet, war is slumbering in Europe. It will break out ere long, and Germany will be among the first states that will be subjected to the revolutionary process.—*Boston Notion.*

Correspondence of the London Record.

PARIS.—At this moment is to be seen at every corner of the streets a placard, edged with black, in colored letters, the better to attract, surmounted by the figure of an eagle, and worded as follows:—

"TO THE MEMORY
OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON,
Who died at St. Helena, May 5, 1821.
A Mass will be founded in all the parishes of Paris, and for ever.

Subscriptions of not less than one franc are received at all the vestries and principal literary rooms."

Here, then, is a clergy, at all times the declared enemy of the Emperor, becoming Buonapartist to please public opinion, and making use of a popular name to raise money. For some time past in France, and particularly in Paris, nothing scarcely is got up for sale or publication by the quacks of the day, but that under some form or another the name of Napoleon is not connected with it; and there remained only the Catholic Church to join the ranks of these schemes against the public purse to complete the thing. A Church, or rather a clergy, that can stoop to such means, gives a very convincing proof that its reign is truly worldly. And let this be a warning to those, who, under the name of *Puseyites*, are seeking to restore Catholicism in England.

Miscellaneous.

[For the Church Record.]

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

When our Lord asserts "I am the vine," and "I am the door," the Romanists readily concede that the assertions are metaphorical. But when, in the very same style, He says "this is my body," blinded by zeal for a false dogma, they can see no metaphor; but see transubstantiation written with a sunbeam. Admit the correctness of this literal interpretation, admit that the consecrated bread—according to the true import of the passage—is actually changed into the body of our Lord. Even then can I *rationally* yield my assent to the alleged change? What is the evidence on which I must found my faith in this dogma? "The plain declaration of holy writ," says the Romanist. It is true I *see* the words, "this is my body," and accordingly my sight, from knowledge obtained by perusal of the passage, testifies that the bread is flesh; but again it examines the substance and testifies that it is *not* flesh, but bread. But this testimony is palpably contradictory; I must therefore distrust it, and look for other evidence. Three credible witnesses are at hand—taste, touch, and smell—and after the most perfect knowledge, obtained by actual examination of the disputed element, they concurrently testify that it is bread. Now shall I reject the *concurrent* testimony of three competent witnesses for the contradictory testimony of one? Nay, while the one witness contradicts *itself* only, but confirms the other three, shall I deem the joints consistent attestation of the whole, less credible than the single, conflicting testimony of a part? Reason frowns upon the absurdity. Though, on the authority of a well attested revelation, I can readily believe what is infinitely above my comprehension, yet never can I yield a rational assent to what is distinctly opposed to my positive knowledge. H. M. B.

To the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D.:

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

My attention was this morning directed to an article in the Church Record of June 12, 1841, under the signature of G., in relation to my "Companion to the Book of Genesis." Your readers will not, of course, expect me to reply to your correspondent's communication, neither should I take any notice of it, were it not for an editorial remark introducing it, and a sentence in the communication itself; which a proper regard for my own respect for decorum compels me to refer to.

You "publish the communication to show the impression the book leaves on the mind of an unprofessional reader." From this language, I

might draw the inference that, in your opinion, the impression left on the mind of your correspondent, is one naturally arising from the perusal of the book. But this, I would hope, is not your meaning, as you immediately express, with courtesy to the author, an opposite opinion to that of your correspondent. The impression left on the mind of *such a writer as* G. by no means warrants the conclusion, that the same would be made by the book on the minds of unprofessional readers *in general*. I must regret that you have not expressed this distinction.

The passage in the communication itself to which I am compelled to refer, is as follows: "In an analysis, it is not necessary to go so thoroughly to work as to shock the sensitive reader; why, therefore, make that which needs no comment, so conspicuous, and present its enormity in so glaring a light as to disgust us with a character which we are otherwise taught to venerate?"

May I request you to do me the favor to publish the portion of the analysis here alluded to? It may be found on p. 93, and is as follows: "In the same evening probably, (compare xviii., 33; xix., 1, 15, 27,) the two angels approach the gate of Sodom, where Lot was sitting. Yielding to his importunity, they enter his house and partake of his hospitality. Perhaps the human appearance which they had assumed was unusually beautiful and attractive, as the vicious inhabitants assault the patriarch's residence for the most atrocious purpose, the execution of which he endeavors to prevent by an offer, which at first view appears scarcely less shocking. The abandoned wretches become enraged that a mere temporary resident among them should undertake to thwart their views, and they direct their attack against Lot himself. He is rescued from injury by his guests, who secure him in the house, and smite the men without with blindness.—xix. 1—11." I leave any candid mind to judge whether your correspondent has fairly represented this analysis. Certainly, such a representation as the above cited remark implies, can have no comment from me. He says, further, that "some gross and revolting facts, but lightly touched on by the inspired historian, the commentator exhibits to public view with all the minuteness which any absolute necessity warrants." This is not so; and I freely leave it to readers in general to decide on the correctness of the representation: G. has referred them to the obnoxious pages, and although it is very possible that he may not wish to see any considerations advanced which may tend to palliate the conduct of Lot and other good men of patriarchal ages, it is believed that the great mass of Christian readers will think and feel differently. To *palliate*, also to meet *infidel objections*, is the design of the notes in question.

Requesting the insertion of this as what is *but just* to myself. I remain, with respect your friend and brother, SAMUEL H. TURNER.

Seminary, Chelsea Square, July 2, 1841.

From "Campbell's Life of Petrarch."

CROWNING OF PETRARCH AS POET LAUREATE.

Whilst he still remained at Vaucluse, at nine o'clock in the morning of the 1st September, 1340, he received a letter from the Roman Senate, pressingly inviting him to come and receive the crown of Poet Laureate at Rome. He must have little notion of a poet's pride and vanity, who cannot imagine the flushed countenance, the dilated eyes, and the joyously throbbing heart of Petrarch, whilst he read this letter. To be invited by the Senate of Rome to such an honor might excuse him for forgetting that Rome was not now what she had once been, and that the substantial glory of his appointment was small in comparison with the classic associations which formed its halo.

As if to keep up the fever of his joy, he received, the same day, in the afternoon, at four o'clock, another letter with the same offer, from Roberto Bardi, Chancellor of the University of Paris, in which he importuned him to be crowned as Poet Laureate at Paris.

When we consider the poet's veneration for Rome, we may easily anticipate that he would give the preference to that city. That he might not, however, offend his friend Roberto Bardi and the University of Paris, he despatched a messenger to Cardinal Colonna, asking his advice upon the subject, pretty well knowing that his patron's opinion would coincide with his own wishes. The Colonna advised him to be crowned at Rome.

The custom of conferring this honor had, for a long time, been obsolete. In the earliest classical ages, garlands were given as a reward to valor and genius. Virgil exhibits his conquerors adorned with them. The Romans adopted the custom from Greece, where leafy honors were bestowed on victors at public games. This coronation of poets, it is said, ceased under the reign of the Emperor Theodosius. After his death, during the long subsequent barbarism of Europe, when literature produced only rhyming monks, and when there were no more poets to crown, the discontinuance of the practice was a natural consequence.

At the commencement of the thirteenth century, according to the Abbé Resnel, the Universities of Europe began to dispense laurels, not to poets, but to students distinguished by their learning. The doctors in medicine, at the famous University of Salerno, established by the Emperor Frederic 2d, had crowns of laurel put upon their heads. The bachelors also had their laurels, and derived their name from a baculus, or stick, which they carried.

When there began to be poets in Europe, they put in their claims for the same distinction. Bonaventura relates that St. Francisco admitted into his cloister an ingenious composer of profane songs, who was called the king of song, after receiving the poetic crown from the emperor. In 1314, Albertino Mussato, an historian and poet of Padua, was laurelled in the presence of the university, and an immense crowd of other spectators. Bonno di Castione obtained the same honor in Padua; Convennole, the school master of Petrarch, had his head begirt with laurel in his own country; but no one had hitherto been crowned at Rome, or in the Capitol. *That* honor was reserved for Petrarch.

Cardinal Colonna, as we have said, advised him, "*nothing loth*," to enjoy his coronation at Rome. Thither accordingly he repaired early in the year 1341. He embarked at Marseilles for Naples, wishing, previously to his coronation, to visit King Robert, by whom he was received with all possible hospitality and distinction.

Though he had accepted the laurel amidst the general applause of his contemporaries, Petrarch was not satisfied that he should enjoy this honor without passing through an ordeal as to his learning. Laurels and learning had been for one hundred years habitually associated in men's minds. * *

The person whom Petrarch selected for his examiner in erudition, was the King of Naples, Robert *the Good*, as he was in some respects deservedly called, was, for his age, a well-instructed man, and, for a king, a prodigy. He had also some common sense, unlike our own King James I., whom Sully pronounced to be the most learned fool in Europe. But in classical knowledge he was more fit to be the scholar of Petrarch than his examiner, so that the poet at least made a safe choice.

If Petrarch, however, learned nothing from the king, the king learned something from Petrarch. Among the other requisites for examining a Poet Laureate which Robert possessed, was an *utter ignorance of poetry*. He was like the algebraist who, after hearing some beautiful verses, asked what they proved. He had been a sound utilitarian in his faith that poetry was a pretty thing, but of no moral use. But Petrarch couched his blindness on the subject, so that Robert saw, or believed he saw, something useful in the divine art. He had heard of the epic poem, Africa, and requested its author to recite to him some part of it. Petrarch at first refused, but at length consented. The king (how could it be otherwise?) was charmed with the recitation, and requested that the work might be dedicated to him. Petrarch assented, but the poem was not finished or published till after King Robert's death.

His Neapolitan majesty, after pronouncing a warm eulogy on our poet, declared that he merited the laurel, and had letters patent drawn up, by which he certified that, after a *severe* examination, (it lasted three days,) Petrarch was judged worthy to receive that honor in the capitol. Robert wished him to be crowned at Naples; but our poet represented that he was desirous of being distinguished on the same theatre where Virgil and Horace had shone. The king accorded with his wishes; and, to complete his kindness, regretted that his advanced age would not permit him to go to Rome and crown Petrarch himself. He named, however, one of his most eminent courtiers, Barrilli, to be his proxy. Boccaccio speaks of Barrilli as a good poet; and Petrarch, with exaggerated politeness, compares him to Ovid.

When Petrarch went to take leave of King Robert, the sovereign, after engaging his promise that he would visit him again very soon, took off the robe which he wore that day, and begging Petrarch's acceptance of it, desired that he might wear it on the day of his coronation. He also bestowed on him the place of his almoner general—an office for which great interest was always made, on account of the privileges attached to it, the principal of which were an exemption from paying the tithes of benefices to the king, and a dispensation from residence. . . . .

The morning of the 8th of April, 1341, was ushered by the sound of trumpets; and the people, ever fond of a show, came from all quarters to see the ceremony. Twelve youths, selected from the best families of Rome, and clothed in scarlet, opened the procession, repeating, as they went, some verses composed by the poet, in honor of the Roman people. They were followed by six citizens of Rome, clothed in green, and bearing crowns wreathed with different flowers. Petrarch walked in the midst of them; after him came the senator, accompanied by the first men of the council. The streets were strewed with flowers, and the windows filled with ladies, dressed in the most splendid manner, who showered perfumed waters profusely on the poet. He all the time wore the robe that had been presented to him by the King of Naples. When they reached the capitol, the trumpets were silent, and Petrarch, having made a short speech, in which he quoted a verse from

Virgil, cried out three times, "Long live the Roman people! long live the Senators! may God preserve their liberty!" At the conclusion of these words, he knelt before the Senator Orso, who, taking a crown of laurel from his own head, placed it on that of Petrarch, saying: "This crown is the reward of virtue." The poet then repeated a sonnet in praise of the ancient Romans. The people testified their approbation by shouts of applause, crying, "Long flourish the capitol and the poet!" The friends of Petrarch shed tears of joy, and Stefano Colonna, his favorite hero, addressed the assembly in his honor.

The ceremony having been finished at the Capitol, the procession, amidst the sound of trumpets and the acclamations of the people, repaired thence to the Church of St. Peter, where Petrarch offered up his crown of laurel before the altar. The same day the Count of Anguillara caused letters patent to be delivered to Petrarch, in which the senators, after a flattering preamble, declared that he had merited the title of a great poet and historian; that, to mark his distinction, they had put upon his head a laurel crown, not only by the authority of King Robert, but by that of the Roman Senate and people; and that they gave him, at Rome and elsewhere, the privilege to read, to dispute, to explain ancient books, to make new ones, to compose poems, to wear a crown according to his choice, either of laurel, beech, or myrtle, as well as the poetic habit. At that time, a particular dress was affected by the poets. Dante was buried in this costume.

Maffeo exclaims on this subject, "What folly in a poet, who drew his glory from the general suffrages of mankind, to establish his reputation on the certificate of a notary!" But it is plain that Petrarch merits no such reproach. He never dreamt of establishing his celebrity on the certificate of a notary, but only complied with customary forms. If he had revolted against this custom, he would have displeased the citizens of Rome as well as the senators, of whom Orso wished for a little nook in the popular fame by connecting his name with that of Petrarch. By this certificate Petrarch was made a Roman citizen.

He continued only a few days at Rome after his coronation; but he had scarcely departed when he found that there was banditti on the road waiting for him, and anxious to relieve him of any superfluous wealth which he might have about him. He was thus obliged to return to Rome with all expedition; but he set out the following day, attended by a guard of armed men, and arrived at Pisa on the 20th of April.

TRACT NO. NINETY.

It appears that the "Tract Ninety" has created that sensation in the public mind which might have been anticipated. It has most fully confirmed many in what they previously thought and said respecting the Tractarian party, and has convinced others that they viewed them in a light far more favorable than they deserved. This tract, we have no doubt, will prove to be a mill-stone, which eventually will sink the others in the sea of oblivion. An attempt may be made to disjoin it from the rest, but it cannot be successful, for the link of connexion is what cannot be broken. The principles of the former tracts are such, that their full developement cannot possibly issue in any other result than in the dishonest and jesuitical sophistry of the Ninetieth Tract, or in the abjuration of the Protestantism of the Church of England.

It is a matter of wonder that any in our Church should be deceived by the Tractarians, and that their eyes should not long ago have been opened to see the course they were taking. We are constrained to attribute this, in some measure, to the ignorance which prevails among many churchmen respecting the real and essential differences between the Reformed principles and those of Popery. These principles are totally opposed to each other. They belong to systems that are so much at variance, that according to our Reformers, the one is Christian, and the other is anti-Christian. Almost any one of the tracts sufficiently shows that the system advocated is Popish and not Protestant. Those who are acquainted with the controversies carried on at the time of the Reformation can easily and very distinctly recognise, in the Tracts and other writings of the party, the very reasonings and arguments of the Papists of that day. They contain nothing new; they only repeat and reassert, with some "reserve," what the Papists have usually advanced, and do still advance.

If any wish to ascertain the truth of what we here assert, let them read the controversy between Bishop *Jewel* and the Jesuit *Harding*, or the controversy between *Foxe*, the martyrologist, and Jerome *Osorius*, a Portuguese bishop. They will find, especially in the first of these controversies, that the Tractarians have advanced nothing new, and that they are only the servile retailers of the cunning sophistries and delirious notions of a true disciple of Ignatius *Loyola*, the founder of the Jesuits, and of whose career we may form some idea, when we read, that on commencing his course, he "dedicated himself to the blessed Virgin," and went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem! Whether any of the Tractarian party have, in imitation of Loyola, dedicated themselves to the Virgin, is more than what we can say, though the extravagant terms in which the Virgin has been spoken of, are sufficient to create a suspicion of this kind. Some of them have been, we believe, on a pilgrimage to Rome, though not, as far as we know, to Jerusalem.

We have been sometimes accosted with this query, "Have you read *all* the tracts?" or, "Have you read the writings of the leading members of the party?" Whatever we have done, we do not deem the reading the *whole* of their writings at all necessary in order to know their real character; for who could deem it needful to read all the writings of *Priestley* or of *Belsham* to know what their sentiments were? It is enough to know that they were Socinians, or to know one or two of their fundamental doctrines, for all the rest necessarily follow. If we know the system, that is sufficient. Were we to see the leg of a horse or a bullock, we should have no need to see any more of either in order to know the genus of the animal. There are certain limbs or parts of the Tractarian system which sufficiently show its real character. We have denounced it from the beginning as essentially Popish; and the more fully the system is developed, the more fully it turns out to be what we have throughout reported it, though we have been blamed by some for being rash, uncharitable and even slanderous. The event, the issue, as made apparent in the Ninetieth Tract, has fully cleared us from such imputations. The system will now, we trust, be sufficiently understood by all; and we hope that all the true members of our Church will cordially and thoroughly repudiate it; and that they will especially repudiate the *dishonesty* of attempting to represent it as the system of the Church of England. Whether this dishonesty is a conscious act, or the effect of infatuation, we cannot say. However it may be accounted for, the act itself ought to be universally reprobated.

While on this subject, we shall just notice a small pamphlet lately published under the following title: *A letter to Dr. Hook, in reply to his Letter to the Bishop of Ripon; with Proofs of the Failure of Mr. Newman's Defence of the 90th Tract.* By Francis Hill, Esq., A. M., pp. 24. The wily and inconsistent tactics of the Vicar of Leeds is in this letter very clearly exposed and deservedly castigated. There is not one of the Tractarians who seems to exhibit more of the thorough Jesuit, than this redoubtable divine. With all the occasional amenity and courteous demeanor of a well taught disciple of Loyola, he combines the sarcasm and the high infallible tone of an infatuated Papist. Plausibly advocating and recommending union, he scatters abroad unsparingly the seeds of disunion. While pretending to be a thorough Churchman, he really undermines the very foundations of the Church. Those who will peruse the above letter, will see that we have in no way exaggerated. It shows good sense and good feeling. The author understands his subject, and wields his weapons of proof and reasoning with considerable effect.—*London Record.*

From the London Record, of June 17.

We have lately alluded to the *dishonesty* which is manifested in "Tract Ninety." This charge we find is very clearly and forcibly proved in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. There is in it an article on this very tract, written with the ability usually displayed in that publication, and in the present instance containing for the most part what is sound and consistent with the principles of our Reformed Church. On the general character of the Tractarian system, we give the following passage, which wholly coincides with the representation we have all along given of that system. Having referred to the party, the reviewer proceeds thus:

"Our more immediate object at present is to record our protest against their *morality*, and to show it to be their wish to *alter* the general character of religious sentiment which the Reformation established in England. On *all the great points* which separate Protestants from Roman Catholics, they *side much more* with the old society than with their own Church: they dislike and protest against the very name of Protestants. The more Protestant and anti-Romish a theologian is, the more vehement are they against him: the more he approximates to Rome—the more he dwells on the large portion of truth which the Church of Rome is said to have preserved—the more he is admired and held up as a standard of orthodoxy. Above all, they especially delight to extol and revive a number of those tenets and practices which the Church of Rome has inherited from past ages and carefully retains to this day, but which the *great Reformers held to be vain superstitions and inventions*: and which, as being *full of danger to true godliness, they resolutely swept away from their Churches.* In a word, they have adopted the *spirit and general cast of doctrine of the Church of Rome*, and are determined enemies and bitter opponents of all that essentially distinguishes the Protestant creed."—P. 271.

Now, we would ask any one who is at all acquainted with the views and proceedings of the Tractarians, Is not the above a correct, a literally correct account of them? If it be, as we fully believe it is, then what are we to think of the *honesty* of men, who act as they do? Whether they are dishonest wilfully and knowingly, or through the influence of self-deception, we undertake not to determine; but that there is an awful dishonesty in their case, cannot be reasonably doubted. It is of a similar kind, and almost equal in magnitude, as that of some Socinians, who have been known to have continued and preached in our Church long after they had imbibed their heretical notions. But the Tractarian's dishonesty

is in one respect greater than that of the Socinian, inasmuch as he attempts to show that he is a true Churchman, when in reality he is much more a Papist; while the latter, though he may retain his preferment in the Church, has never yet been known to have tried to show that a Socinian can be a true Churchman. Our reviewer, after having enumerated some of the leading tenets of this party, declares very justly concerning them as follows:—

"The above opinions may be right—they may be the most consonant with revealed religion, but *assuredly* they are *not the opinions of the Church of England.* Every one must be astonished that men professing them should continue to hold appointments in a Church which is generally understood to have been founded on the most positive denial of most of these doctrines, and on a consequent secession from the great society which continued to hold them. It is a notorious historical fact, that the *doctrines in question constitute the chief bulk of those that peculiarly distinguish the Roman Catholic faith*; and it is equally notorious that, as a whole, they have *been rejected by all Protestant communities.*"—P. 273.

Here again we believe the reviewer's statement is perfectly correct. The "chief bulk" of the Tractarian tenets are the distinguishing tenets of the Church of Rome; and they are those very tenets which our Reformers disowned and rejected; and yet those holding those tenets profess themselves to be the legitimate members of our Church.

Having spoken of the general character of the Tractarian system, our reviewer goes on to the consideration of the "Tract Ninety," and states the charge he makes against the party in these words:—

"We come back to our charge—that they hold doctrines which are contradictory to the Articles and formularies of the Protestant Church of England, of which they are ministers; and we say, that they make themselves justly liable to the imputation of either acting with bad faith in remaining within that Church, or of playing false with their own consciences, by endeavoring to persuade themselves of the non-existence of this contradiction."—P. 274.

To make good this serious charge, several instances are brought forward of disingenuous and evasive attempts to explain away and distort the meaning of the Articles. Two of the most glaring instances are certainly those of the Romish mass and of general councils. The palpable evasions that are attempted are, indeed, truly astonishing; such as have no parallels, we verily believe, in all the sophistical trickeries and evasive devices of the notorious Jesuits. Our reviewer says justly, "No Jesuit ever taught the art of breaking through the most solemn pledges more palpably than is done in the comment on the Twenty-first Article (on General Councils.) We will quote the whole of this extraordinary section; for it well deserves the serious consideration of every man who is anxious for the preservation of truth and honor amongst English gentlemen."—(P. 283.) The quotation is too long to be given here; and it is one that displays such a want of an honest principle, that it is quite painful to contemplate it. The result of the wily reasoning that is adopted is this, that those who believe that there have been general councils which have *not erred*, may give their assent and consent to the Article, which says, that general councils *may* err, and *have erred.* But we shall add a few of our reviewer's observations:—

"We would beg every honorable, every unbiassed man, who reads this paragraph, to ask of himself how he would describe it. For our parts we dare not give expression to our feelings. Here is a man, who, on being ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, swore in the most public, the most positive, the most sacred manner, that he believed that general councils, without the least hint of any exception, may err in things pertaining to God, and deliberately declaring that some general councils are infallible. What man after this need hesitate to take any oath, however repugnant to his sentiments, if he may, without breach of conscience, afterward insert any exception he chooses? What but the terrors of a court of law, that judges only by the letter, need ever bind a man down to keep not his promise only, but his oath? What Jesuit needs scruple to uphold the morality of mental reservations, if Mr. Newman's exception is moral? . . . . Where is the difference between the mental reservation of the Jesuit, and the exception of Mr. Newman? In principle there is none whatever. They both alike are violations of the cardinal rule for the observance of engagements, that they are to be kept in the sense with which he who gives the promise believes the other to impose it. They vitiate the pledge given, and convert it into an instrument of deceit. Indeed, we greatly wonder that an English clergyman, admired by a large party, and pretending to be a reviver of holiness and Christian principle, should thus teach his followers how to say one thing and mean another. Had Mr. Newman boldly proclaimed that he did not agree with the Article, his offence would have been much less. But to differ from the Article, and then to endeavor to persuade honest and scrupulous consciences 'that they may lawfully and religiously swear they agree with the Article, yet by means of an arbitrary and unexpressed exception may believe just the contrary, is something which we will not characterize as it deserves.'"—Pp. 285, 286.

Froude's *Remains* opened the eyes of many. The "Tract Ninety" will open the eyes of more. But as in the former, so in the present instance, attempts are made by some of the party to deceive people by subtle explanations and the distortions of sophistical reasoning. The resources of imaginative minds, under the influence of delusion, are inexhaustible. But it is to be hoped, that even the common sense of people will lead them to regard with abhorrence every act of obvious dishonesty.

THE OXFORD TRACTS.—It will occasion some little astonishment in many minds to hear that the University pulpit has been occupied three days this week by Mr. Newman and two other teachers of the new doctrines. This, so immediately upon the condemnation of Tract 90, is certainly very anomalous, and will justly be viewed as indicating a very unsound state of things. The remarkable pamphlet of Mr. Ward, Tutor of Balliol College, entitled, *A Few More Words in Support of No. 90 of the Tracts for the Times*, is stated to have been issued with the sanction of the Pusey triumvirate. It has, we are informed, at length attracted the notice of the head of the College of which the Rev. Gentleman is a member, and has resulted in his removal from the situation of Tutor and Mathematical Lecturer. Mr. Ward's pamphlet, exhibiting as it does the determined hostility of part of the clergy to the Church as a Protestant Establishment, and to those doctrines which have been considered "the light of the Reformation," has caused much embarrassment to the Heads of Houses, upon whom, as well as upon the Bishops, an awful amount of responsibility now rests. The enemies of the Church are many, and within the camp!—*Oxford Chronicle.*

DR. PUSEY'S LETTER TO DR. JELF IN DEFENCE OF NO. 90.

To the Editor of the London Record:

SIR,—At last Dr. Pusey's long-expected defence has made its appearance. It is much more strong than was generally anticipated, and consists of 217 pages. Dr. Pusey is looked upon as far behind the movement; yet where can the movement be gone, if the letter now before us is the production of one much in the rear? The letter is nothing more than a re-statement of the interpretation given in Number 90, without the smallest shadow of argument. Hints are, as usual, thrown out to the prejudice of those who hold views different from the Tractarian party; as, for instance, respecting the sacraments. The tract is in some respects calculated to do much mischief from an apparent mildness in its tone, and the softening given to some of the worst errors of the party. A thorough review would be tedious, and to select any passages more remarkably bad than the rest is impossible. My object in writing to you now is, to request you to warn your readers against taking the views put forth in the pamphlet as a fair statement of the sentiments of the party; and as coming from a leading man, it is highly probable that it will be made the most of by the Tractarians.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A RESIDENT MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Oxford, June 8, 1841.

EXTRACTS FROM LACON.

ANGUISH of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

FALSEHOOD is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

IT is only when the rich are sick, that they fully feel the impotence of wealth.

WE should embrace Christianity even on prudential motives; for a just and benevolent God will not punish an intellectual being for believing what there is so much reason to believe; therefore we run no risk by receiving Christianity, if it be false, but a dreadful one, by rejecting it, if it be true.

SOME well meaning Christians tremble for their salvation, because they have never gone through that valley of tears and of sorrow, which they have been taught to consider as an ordeal that must be passed through, before they can arrive at regeneration; to satisfy such minds, it may be observed, that the slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment, and that the greatest is insufficient, if it do not. Therefore, by their own fruits let them prove themselves; for some soils will take the good seed, without being watered by many tears, or harrowed up by afflictions.

MANY who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to out-live their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

VICE stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

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